

POETRY. THE CHRISTIAN WAR-SHIP.

From the Kennebec Journal.
THE CHRISTIAN WAR-SHIP.
Huzza! huzza! for the ship of war
That carries an errand of Peace,
That carries a starving land relief,
And bids her wailing to cease.
She bears on her deck, no weapons of war,
In her hold, no stores of thunder;
Her barrels are charged with no powder, but that
Which shall make all Christendom wonder—
The powder that kindles no flame, but love's;
That burns, but not to destroy;
That swells in the breast of gratitude warm,
And explodes in a shout of joy—
The powder of grain, the flour of corn,
That life to the dying recalls;
And her hold, it is stored with loaves of bread,
In the place of bombs and balls.
Those balls, discharged upon Erin's soil,
Shall tears of rejoicing start;
Those bombs, when breaking in out of mud,
Shall reach to the owner's heart.
Then speed her onward, toward western breeze!
Through the foaming waves of ocean;
And that banner, streaming in Erin's sky,
Shall awaken her heart's devotion.
Its stars shall break through the gloom, that hangs
Like a pall, from pole to pole;
Illumine the glazing eye of death,
And cheer the departing soul.
By their light, the mother shall find her child
To her bosom more closely prest;
And a deep thanksgiving go up on high
From her joy-overflowing breast.
Huzza! huzza! for the ship of war,
Thus freighted with means of life;
That wages no war, but the war of love;
And knows, but of kindness, no strife.
Go, teach the nations the work begun—
Begun by the generous heart,
To succor distress throughout the world,
And enact the Christian's part.
Teach them the nobler warfare, waged
By their brothers across the water,
The nobler chivalry, rising there,
Than that of blood and slaughter.
Tell them a use is found, at last,
For these masses of war and wonder,
That often have met on the peaceful wave,
Like opposing clouds of thunder—
Sending full many a gallant tar
To his long and last repose,
Beneath the wave he would gladly breast
To lighten a brother's woes.
Henceforth, let their only office be
To succor the shores that need,
To strengthen the weak, and make a friend
Of the famishing foe we feed.
The armies of old, in their path of blood,
Scattered the kernels of wheat;
And the crusaders found, in their march of death,
The cane, with its nestle so sweet.
Such alone be the victories our land shall boast,
The trophies her sons shall covet—
A glory admired by all the earth,
And approved by the powers above it.
The millions, wasted in brutal war,
For laurels that soon must wither,
Might build the world in the bonds of peace,
And the nations knit together—
Warren, March 18, 1847.

UP AND DOWN.

Up! is the merry lark floating to sing
Its matins of joy to the sun of spring;
Down! is the bird of night, winging to peer
For the mice in the barn-hole, dun and drear;
Up! is the beamy sun shining to give
Their verdure and hues to all flowers that live;
Down! is the gaping mine, lone, dark and cold,
Where the children of Mammon starve for gold;
Up! is the coward that shrinketh to die;
Up! is the hero that looketh on high.
Up! is the calm of the clear blue sky,
Far o'er the mountain-tops raising the eye;
Down! is the mist of the cloudless cloud,
Stooping the gaze to the sepulchre sod;
Up! is the watchman who tells of the night,
When beam the streaks of morn ruddy and bright;
Down! is the sluggard who keeps his bed,
When morning's dew are all sprinkled and shed;
Up! is the coward who slumbers a slave;
Up! is the hero—the watchful and brave!
From the New-York Tribune.
SONNET TO THE CLERGY.
It doth appear mysterious to me,
That in this solemn and most awful time
Of National impiety and crime,
The messengers of Christ should speechless be.
The amplitude of our iniquity
Ascends to Heaven, and yet we breathe no prayer
To God for His forgiveness. Lay not bare
The measure of our wrong, that we may see
Our depth of sin, and seeing cry—'Forbear!
Oh, SPIRITUAL FATHERS! sleep no more!
There's blood upon our hands—and our brother's gore
Crying to God our Lord—Lift, lift ye, then,
A voice that shall be felt, against this War,
And speak as Teachers, what ye know as Men!
A. D. F. R.

MORAL POWER.

As when in crowds a tumult we decry,
And each wild shout the fierce dissension feeds,
Till stones and brands the gathering mob supply
With ready weapons for their base misdeeds;
If then a man of sober mien appear,
For goodness and for piety renowned,
The rabble pause amid their mad career,
And hear his words in silence most profound.
He reigns supreme in every brutal mind,
Calming their passions as by magic power;
Their hearts are softened, and at once we find
The tumult hushed, and still'd the wild uproar.

REFLEX POWER OF GOODNESS.

A solitary blessing few can find;
Our joys with those we love are intertwined;
And he whose woful tenderness removes
The obstructing thorn which wounds the friend he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters seeds to adorn his own.

REFORMATORY. SECRET SOCIETIES.

Uxor, April 4, 1847.
I have a few questions I wish to ask you, concerning the duties of those who are styled the reformers of the age, which to me seem of some importance to the cause of humanity, and which are pressed upon me forcibly at the present time, by the knowledge that many of those who have been considered faithful in carrying forward the standard of pure, free and impartial Christianity, are joining or say they see no reason for not doing so, many of the different Orders that are now in existence—such as 'Old Fellows,' 'Sons and Daughters of Temperance,' &c., through the influence, as I think, of their claim of benevolence; none of which, it appears to me, can be joined without injury by any individual who sees those great principles, in any real degree in advance of the people. The first question I would ask is this—Can a person join any order, or institution, that falls short in any real principle of that within himself, and not directly countenance and uphold, and of course help to continue in existence, the lower one? For instance—can you join any institution that justifies, directly, war, slavery, intemperance, licentiousness, the distinction of moral and political rights of women, prejudice against color, or any other violation of any great principle you hold as true, and not be guilty—let their object be even the salvation of the world—have you any more right to do it, than you have to be a good cause? Is there any order, at the present time, that has a test, that is not guilty of upholding, directly, some one of these evils? (except it be under the name of com-temperance.) Does not the order of the Sons and Daughters of Temperance, which may be considered by all as innocent as any, directly uphold two, at least, of the evils spoken of—slavery and the depriving woman of her rights? Is it not countenancing the moral character of slaveholders as such as any Northern church, by union with the South? If you can give us any light on these questions, I would be welcomed by many. In connection with them, I would ask, is it not the duty of all who would elevate man, to form some order that would enable more effectively to sympathize with and relieve each other's infirmities and sufferings, both moral and pecuniary, a work rightly belonging to the true church—or will it be best, in the end, for them to do what little they can as individuals, and learn people to depend more upon themselves? Does it not follow that if it is good to organize for the removal of slavery, it is good to organize for all other good objects? CHARLES GLADDING.

ULTRAISM—INFIDELITY.

The celebrated Baptist preacher of England, JONAS FOSTER, (see his Life and Correspondence, p. 42,) expresses himself respecting the Churches, thus:—
'Churches are useless and mischievous Institutions, and the sooner they are dissolved, the better. I have long felt an utter loathing of what bears the general denomination of the Church, with all its parties, contests, disgraces, and honors. My wish would be little less than the dissolution of all Church institutions, of all orders and shapes; that religion might be set free, as a grand spiritual and moral element, no longer clogged, perverted and prostituted by Corporation forms and principles.'

THE DEVIL.

We are no less surprised than gratified to see this quotation in the Massachusetts Spy. The editor being convinced, as we have a right to infer from his language, that a Fast Day is a day in which the Devil is more faithfully served than the Lord, we have some reason to hope he will hereafter use his influence to aid in breaking up a practice which, however excellent in the days of our ancestry, has become a proverb and a by-word—a scandal to the authority which appoints it—the dread and horror of nine tenths of the people of the Commonwealth. If Fast Day were simply a day for hypocrites to wear long faces, and to cry, 'God be merciful to us sinners!' while their hearts are brim-full of manner of sinful propensities, the custom might pass off, encountering only a smile of good-natured contempt; but when it is perverted, as it has been of late, into the indulgence of every vice and wickedness by rowdies and rakkells—to say nothing of the less annoying recreations of thoughtless boys, who think it no harm to trample over fields and gardens, break fences, and endanger the lives of people in their careless endeavors to shoot birds—it becomes an intolerable nuisance, and should be met with general reprobation. More wickedness will be perpetrated to-morrow than will be repented of, though some of the perpetrators may be brought to repentance on the next day. There will be more profane swearing, more drinking of intoxicating liquors, more gambling, and more violations of the decalogue generally, than on any day in the year. If it be a fast day, heaven have mercy on the honest flesh which belongs to lively sinners, for those that drive it will show none. We will not undertake to say how many young ladies will receive their first lesson in roguery while they are employed to set up pins at the bowling alleys. Nor would we hazard a guess how many men will go home half, or perhaps wholly, drunk, from the tolerance bowling-alleys; but leave all statistics of that sort to be compiled by those who ask for a law to prohibit all persons from bathing their bodies in New England rum, or when raked with rheumatism, from rubbing their legs with salt and Brandy, unless the said rum and brandy should be bought in quantities of twenty-eight gallons.—Boston Courier.

THE DEVIL.

We revere the past, for its virtues, the order of which we pray may long abide amongst us; and we honor the filial piety which honors the memory of the memory of its ancestry with perennial wreaths of respectful imitation; but we believe it is any thing but filial, to permit the religious customs and rites of our fathers, to be celebrated as they are at the present day. Since the Christian era, the rites of the past have been changed into the taste and feelings of the present generation, it is but a deprecation of their memory, and an offence to religion, to retain customs that have only the semblance of piety about them. 'Cast not your pearls before swine'—is an injunction that may well be repeated in the ears of those who, by religious ceremony, give occasion to turn to the taste and feelings of the present generation, it is but a deprecation of their memory, and an offence to religion, to retain customs that have only the semblance of piety about them. 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